

SCENTS BURIED METAL OR WATER



How Divining Rod is Held by Operator

know what's going on here—there are so many pipes and wires underneath your streets in New York—but I think there must be water here somewhere.

Then one of the older members of the club who was present remembered and told how, when the club house was being erected, the contractors laying the foundations had great difficulty in controlling the rush of water from a vein that was laid open directly under the spot where the billiard room was afterward located.

Another day the two friends were guests at the American Yacht club, at Milton Point, Rye, N. Y. The club has had a good deal of trouble recently trying to get a sufficient water supply. Franzius and Von Uslar found this out when they turned on the faucet in their bedroom on the second floor and got no water. At the breakfast table Franzius rallied his hosts a bit, and then asked: "Why don't you get Von Uslar here to find you some water?"

It was agreed that the Landrat not only located a subterranean vein of water near by, but discovered that it led almost under one corner of the club house, where it would be easily accessible by boring.

The so-called "rod" that Von Uslar uses is a very simple device. The metal rod is merely two pieces of rather fine wire, each about a foot long, held together by a flexible joint. The diviner grasps the two free ends, one in each hand, which he holds palm upward. The wooden rods may be two pieces joined or a natural forked twig. The flexible joint of the rod forms an angle the apex of which projects forward or upward. As the diviner, walking about, comes over the spot where a subterranean mineral deposit or a vein of water is located, the rod turns violently in his hands, usually away from the body, and continues to whirl rapidly as long as the diviner remains over the spot and holds the rod in position.

One very curious feature of the rod's movement, to which the writer's attention was called by Von Uslar, is that there seems to be involved a sort of closed circuit. Thus, the Landrat says, if he holds one end of the rod in his right hand and places his left hand on the back of the neck of another person, who in turn holds the other end of the rod in one of his hands, the influence will still be felt and the rod will turn when held over water or mineral deposits, even though the second person does not possess the mysterious power of divination.

The present deep interest in divining rods in Germany is of comparatively recent growth, yet the use of divining rods for locating minerals, water and all sorts of other things was in all probability practiced in very ancient times by men who no doubt possessed the same strange power. The art was certainly practiced by men of the Middle Ages, who named it rhabdromancy. There is evidence that the ancient Romans may have recognized the existence of some such power by the use of the so-called "virgula divina," as used in taking auguries by means of casting bits of sticks, descriptions of which are found in the writings of Tacitus and Cicero.

The schlageruthe (striking rod) or forked twig of the German miners of the Harz mountains was brought to England by miners who were engaged by the merchant adventurers of Queen Elizabeth's time to emigrate and work in the Cornish mines. The art in general has been in use all over the world, in spite of the fact that no one has so far found a satisfactory explanation for such a gift and that it has generally been attacked and laughed at by science. The American Indians and the caravan drivers in Western Gobi employ these rods even now to look for water, just as the peasants in Switzerland and Schleswig-Holstein have done since time immemorial.

Prof. W. F. Barrett, F. R. S., of Dublin, who is regarded as the chief modern investigator of the subject, believes that its employment, dating as it does from the revival of learning, is based on the mediaeval doctrine of "sympathy"; that is, the drooping of trees and the character of the vegetation give indications of mineral lodes beneath the earth's surface by means of a sort of attraction.

The divining rod has, however, been used also in searching for any buried object. In the south of France, in the seventeenth century, it was employed in tracking criminals and heretics. Its abuse led to a decree of the Inquisition in 1701 forbidding its employment for purposes of justice. In modern times the wooden rod has been much used in England and other places for finding water, and in this connection either the rod or the diviner is called a "douser."

Mr. W. H. Preece, a celebrated English electrician, taking part in a discussion of the douser's power in January, 1905, repudiated the theory that any electric force was involved and recorded his opinion that water-finding by a douser was due to "mechanical vibration, set up by the friction of moving water, acting upon sensitive van-

tral diaphragm of certain exceptionally delicately framed persons."

About the middle of the nineteenth century Professor von Riechenbach, of Germany, believed he had found the source of the power exerted by any one using a divining rod in the radiation of a very fine gas given off by many bodies and which he called "odyle force." The Frenchman, M. E. Chevreul, on the other hand, explained the whole phenomenon as being a self-deception of the persons holding the rods, their arm muscles becoming excessively irritated by the peculiar way of holding the rod, and their nervous system likewise by the straining desire of a diviner to find something.

It was in the midst of this somewhat general skepticism concerning the actual power of the diviners and a rather listless search for some real explanation of the phenomenon that Herr Von Ruelow became interested in a search for a subterranean water supply near the imperial wharf at the harbor of Kiel. Von Uslar, who was called upon to make the experiment, achieved such conclusive results, even actually piercing water veins, that Von Ruelow brought the matter to the attention of the emperor, and it was then that Von Uslar was sent by the government to southwest Africa.

"For two years and a half," said Herr Franzius to the writer, "Von Uslar traversed that country in the midst of the hostile Hottentots, in order to find at once a constant supply of water for the troops and for the farmers in that region, where for the most part water was lacking."

"When he returned, in the spring of 1908, he had designated subterranean water courses in 800 places, and according to the official report up to that time 163 of those places had been investigated by borings. Seventy-nine per cent of his designations had proved to be correct. The boring continued, and up to June, 1911, according to an official government report which was issued at that time, a total of 295 of the 800 places had been investigated, and in 171 of them, or about 58 per cent, water had been found."

"In Germany many scientists became interested in the art. Beyerhans believed he had found the explanation of the phenomenon in electricity. Blom pinned his faith to radium. Professor W. Kibler, in Dresden, found that confined steam or great masses of ice had just the same influence on the diviner. The physicist, Dr. G. Rothe, attributed the influence to Reichenbach's 'odyle force.' The physician, Dr. A. Voll, to electricity. Dr. Aigner, in Munich, also a practicing physician, devoted himself closely to an investigation of the question and is inclined to presume an altogether unknown kind of rays, or terrestrial currents, as probable sources of the power."

"Meanwhile diviners in various parts of Germany devoted themselves to practicing the art quite independently of one another, and continued to meet with pronounced successes until in 1909 an effort was made to bring them and all those interested in discovering the secret of the power together in a sort of convention at Dresden. There carefully recorded experiments were made before a number of professors of the technical schools of Dresden and Munich by the diviners Von Ruelow, Uslar and Dr. Voll."

"Not only were the experiments conclusive, but each of the three men named, working independently of one another, located in the same spot, near Dresden, an extensive subterranean coal field. After this the use of the diviners by mine owners rapidly increased, and in 1911 another convention, lasting three days, and marked by more startling successes, was held at Hanover. Potash is very abundant in this region, and the discoveries of deposits of it made by the eight diviners appearing before the convention were so astonishing that the formation of a permanent society to collect all available facts concerning divining rods and, if possible, discover the secret of their power was at once undertaken."

"The society is seeking to gain the interest of wider circles for the investigation of the riddle of the rods, and Herr von Uslar and myself have met with fair success in our efforts to arouse the interest of scientists in this country."

Herr Franzius was modest in his claims as to the accuracy with which the designations of subterranean water and minerals could be made, but declared in response to a question that this accuracy was quite remarkable.

"Not only," he says, "can the diviner, by walking about in a circle, so that if he crosses a vein once he must necessarily cross it at least a second time, determine the location of a subterranean mineral or water, but he can also determine in most cases the depth of the stratum below the surface, even when it is several hundred feet, and also the direction in which the vein extends."

Herr Von Uslar, speaking through his friend, Herr Franzius, cited case after case where mine owners had employed diviners to locate new veins in Germany and railroad directorates had employed them to find a suitable water supply at their various stations.

The two visitors hope that on their return, after the Landrat's findings in Wisconsin and Michigan have been investigated, the results of their discoveries in this country of new deposits of coal, iron and petroleum will rouse as much interest in the mysterious power possessed by Von Uslar as has already been manifested in Germany. It is only by rousing such interest among scientists everywhere, the Landrat believes, that the answer can be found to the riddle that vexes and tantalizes him day by day: What is the true source of the diviner's power?

HAPPENINGS IN THE CITIES

Routed a Vision Clothed in Purple and Ermine



CLEVELAND, O.—"Big Bill" Erick, who furnishes verbal pyrotechnics of many hues at meetings of the board of county commissioners, is a firm believer in divine charity and in extending aid to indigent persons in the county, but he does strenuously object when that self-same indigency is clothed in purple and ermine.

A few days ago, just as Commissioner Erick had let loose some seventy-horse power remarks about the bills of Coroner Byrne to the delight of the newspaper men assembled, a large woman, flashily clothed in silk skirt and immense picture hat, sailed into the office accompanied by a modest little boy of—er—seventeen, who clung timidly to his mother's gown.

Commissioner Vall, cool and phlegmatic, looked up, took a long breath and gallantly offered her his chair. Commissioner Fischer leaped back expectantly.

"I am an indigent person," the

vision calmly announced, brushing back a stray curl and dazzling the commissioners with an array of brilliants on her fingers. "My boy, Algernon, here, was bitten by a mad dog and treated at the Peabody Institute. They charged us \$100 and I want the county to pay it."

"How can you be an indigent person and wear such expensive clothes and jewelry?" finally came from Mr. Erick's throat, after a heroic effort.

"Why, what do you mean?" the vision indignantly answered. "It is my boy here who is indigent. I need all my money for myself so as to look up-to-date."

The little boy, nearly six feet tall, squirmed uneasily, while the commissioners looked him over.

Letting every word drop with caustic emphasis, Commissioner Erick read the vision a lesson in poverty, real and fancied. His associates sat spellbound.

Satire sharper than the keenest Damascus blade, now descending to chiding, now rising to whiplash admonition, kept the air azzling for just three minutes, and when the astounded vision recovered from the shock she shot one look, and, oh, such a look, at the commissioner and majestically, haughtily, marched out of the room without a word.

Backs Mary's Little Lamb to Fight a Bulldog

CHICAGO—Nicholas Murphy, 1102 West Forty-Seventh street, was haled before the Englewood police court the other day for indulging in what might properly be termed a "lamb stew."

Mr. Murphy, bound on a zigzag course for the next saloon, chanced to pass the home of Mrs. Katherine Klina, 5121 South Robey street, when he saw a snow-white animal gamboling on the green. Mr. Murphy was lonesome and longed for a companion.

"Bulldog," muttered Mr. Murphy, as he clung to the fence for a closer inspection. "Always I've wanted a bulldog, and that's a beauty."

Mr. Murphy sauntered into the yard and cut the rope by which the animal was tethered. Then he led it frisking gaily down the street. Through the swinging doors of the first saloon he proudly led his newly acquired prize. The bartender's eyes bulged and a loud guffaw went up from the customers.

"What's th' matter?" asked Mr. Murphy. "He's a thoroughbred bulldog and his name is Timothy."

"That ain't a bulldog; it's a lamb," insisted the bartender.

Mr. Murphy's pride was wounded—so wounded that he left without buy-



ing a drink. Meanwhile little Mary Klina had missed her pet and had started in pursuit. She followed the trail for many blocks and past many swinging doors. Finally she heard a loud commotion in the rear yard of a saloon, and heard Mr. Murphy saying: "Sic 'im, Tim, sic 'im."

She ran into the yard and saw Mr. Murphy attempting to push the timorous, awkward lamb toward a savage, bowlegged English bull, which its hilarious owner was noddling in leash.

"Bet you \$10 Tim can lick 'm," Murphy was saying. "He's a young one, but he's a fighter when he gets started. It's hard to get 'im started."

Mary grabbed up her pet and fled home to her mother, who had Mr. Murphy arrested. He was dismissed when the court learned that Mary's lamb had weathered the adventure unscathed.

Only Music She Ever Played Was on Washboard



DETROIT, MICH.—Mrs. William Babb is a militant purveyor of music as she is interpreted through the phonograph. Mrs. Babb says her instrument is "some machine" and she further declares she'll play it whenever she sees fit so to do, complaints from the neighbors notwithstanding.

Harkening to a lengthy lament from some of the woman's neighbors, Police Justice Stein had Mrs. Babb in court the other day, while William Anderson, himself a cornetist of no mean ability, appeared as representative of the indignant neighborhood.

"Judge, she plays that confounded phonograph all night long," said Anderson.

"No, stree, I don't," said Mrs. Babb.

who had her husband with her to lend whatever moral support he could. "I go to bed with the chickens. That's why I've lived such a long and useful life."

The judge exhibited some curiosity as to the kind of music the instrument disgorged and Mrs. Babb was quick to say that she at all times eschewed rag time and clung largely to the classics.

"I don't play no ragtime," she declared. "The nearest I come to that is 'Kelly,' and that's a grand old tune."

Mrs. Babb discoursed at length on Mr. Anderson's ability as a cornetist. She said she didn't mind the cornet. In fact, she averred with some show of feeling that she loves music.

"Of course," said Mrs. Babb. "I've never had any chance to play any myself. I just know I'd been a grand musician. The only music I ever played was on a washboard. So I saved up what I could and bought me a phonograph and this is the thanks I get."

The judge finally disposed of the matter by telling Mrs. Babb to go home and make her peace with her neighbors.

What a Cruel Dog Did to a Soft Shell Turtle

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—There are five members of the Hanson family and every one is tender-hearted and has strong sympathy for all dumb creatures that are in distress. Early in July Hans, the younger boy, came into possession of two small soft shell turtles. He took them home and put them in a little pond and before many days had elapsed the entire Hanson family was talking baby talk to the turtles. A dog that had been restored to health in the Hanson family hospital in the back yard, while nosing around, came on the two turtles peeping out of the little pond. He grabbed one of them and ran into a corner of the yard and began to chew on it. Hans saw him, called the other members of the family to his aid and they drove the dog away. Hans followed the dog and scolded him. He said: "You naughty dog, I will tell a detective on you and he will put you in jail for jumping onto a poor little turtle."



The dog appeared ashamed and slunk away to the coal shed. Hans nursed the turtle, applying ointments and plasters for several days, but it finally turned its shell to the ground and it was all over. The next day neighbors saw all the members of the Hanson family, the father, mother, two boys and a girl, with bowed heads near the turtle pond. After the funeral was over this epitaph was found painted on a square block over the turtle's grave: "Turtle Hanson, born—don't know when—died July 19 at the hands of a cruel dog who bit him to death. It was a good turtle but a bad dog."

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